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AT THE OFFICE OF THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Song of the Sabbath.

BY JULIA DAVY.

The Sabbath Day—the gracious day!
Bringing the gifts of peace,
Chasing life's rudest cares away,
Letting tired labor cease;
Breaking the sunshine on the earth,
Bidding vain shadows flee,
Calling for praise and sinless mirth,
Making the bondman free.

The Sabbath Day—the priceless boon!
Let not the sordid deem
It yields no gain, it comes too soon,
It is of light esteem!
Let not the bigot sternly say
His temple claims it all;
Who shall imprison Mercy's ray
Within that narrow wall?

The Sabbath Day—the separate
For which with yearning sighs,
The wearied workers patient wait,
And joy to see it rise:
The aching head, the o'ertaxed brain,
Alike may find repose,
And gather strength to toil again,
And strength to conquer woes.

The Sabbath Day—the gift divine!
That, whatever our creed,
Supplies with benevolence benign
Leisure for every need:
For prayer, for praise, for soothing rest,
For thought of boundless scope,
For heed of Charity's behest,
For love, for joy, for hope.

The Sabbath Day—the buckler strong
That guards the poor and meek,
Shielding the desolate from wrong,
Leaving the tyrant weak.
The Sabbath Day—O prize it well,
Its wisdom learn to scan;
Alike in temple, field, or cell,
"THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN."

Getting the wrong pig by the ear.

The late wealthy Alderman Wetherill, of Philadelphia, was very slovenly in his dress, and got into some queer scrapes in consequence. One of these mishaps occurred not long before his death, on a certain railroad. The conductor observing a very dirty looking little specimen of humanity, sitting in No. 1, alongside of two richly dressed young ladies, took occasion to accost him—"What are you doing here? Come out of this—it is no place for you—No. 2 is your place," leading the objectionable passenger from the cars. Shortly after, the conductor came along—"Tickets Ladies, tickets," addressing those whom he had so kindly relieved of their disagreeable companion, who replied, "Our father pays for us." Who is your father," asked the ticket agent—"The man you just led out of the car," replied the daughters of John Price Wetherill. The feelings of the conductor may be imagined.

A clergyman was rebuked by a brother of the same cloth, a few days ago, for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" asked the other—"One cigar at a time," replied the offender.

Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Dunsdorf is a young man of parts?
Decidedly so Miss Brown—he is part numbskull, part knave and part fool.

Gentlemen should always walk a little in the rear of the ladies. Shadows should not precede, but follow the sun.

Settling a Case of Conscience.—A missionary in the South Sea Islands had occasion once to rebuke a native for the sin of polygamy. He left the missionary apparently in great grief. After a day or two he returned his face radiant with joy.
"Me all right, now. One wife. Me very good Christian."
"What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary.
"Me eat her up!"

An elderly lady died almost instantly a few days since, at Palmyra, Mo., from the sting of a hornet, inflicted on the wrist.

Preservation of the Eyes.

There is an old tradition that the eyes are strengthened, and the vision preserved in old age, by rubbing the closed eye-lids frequently with the finger in a horizontal direction. About three years ago there was considerable excitement in New York by persons professing to cure weakness of vision, even restoring faded sight, manipulating the eye-balls. The New York "Scalpel" treats such pretensions as delusive, and asserts that such treatment as mechanical manipulation, for the eyes, is positively injurious. It cites some cases where great injury resulted to those who submitted to rubbing of the eyes for the cure of faded sight, and instances the case of a man who lost his sight forever by some one—a friend—who thoughtlessly came behind him and closed his eyes firmly with his hands, calling upon him to guess who it was—a not uncommon custom among thoughtless young people. The eye is so very tender—is such a fine piece of mechanism, that it must be handled and treated with great care and gentleness. Many become short sighted at an early age, constitutionally or by sickness, or by imposing too much labor upon those wonderful organs. In health the eyes will under go much fatigue but they are as capable of being over-taxed, as the arms, or the limbs. Much reading or writing, by artificial light, is very trying to the eyes, especially if the light is unsteady, too brilliant, or too weak. A good full light, shaded with a light blue globe, is the best to read or write with during evening hours. Upon no consideration should a man read more than four hours at once, by artificial light, and he should give his eyes ten minutes rest after he has read two hours; this is the experience we have gathered from not a few persons. Those who are blessed with strong eyes should not over-tax them as many zealous students do, by too much night study, or as some merchants do, by too much night writing. There are instances on record of a sudden loss of sight by strong men, who had read and written by lamp-light, as if their eyes never would fail, and their vision never lose its power. The celebrated Euler lost his eye sight by an imprudent night's study, in some of his mathematical calculations. The smoke of lamps is very hurtful to the eyes, hence a good circulation of air is as necessary for the eyes as for the lungs. The "Scalpel" asserts that it is injurious to wash the eyes by dipping the face in a basin and opening the eyes in the water, and recommends cold tea or milk and water, for bathing the eyes in preference to water itself. A very weak solution of the sulphate of zinc is excellent for blood-shot or surface-inflamed eyes; we have never known it to fail in effecting a cure in a few days.—*Newark Mercury.*

A California Love Letter.

Every thing is done on a magnificent scale in the Golden State. Even love making is a colossal business. Witness the following effusion, which we quote from that ample repository of everything rich, rare and veritable, the N. Y. Spirit of the Times:—
California, San Jose, May 2d, 1853.
Most Transcendent and Charming Miss—I would that my pen were dipped in the dyes of the rainbow, plucked from the wing of an angel, that I might expect to paint the burning brightness of that flame which thy thrilling eloquence hath enkindled. Thou soft moonlight of sentiment—soft soap of consistency—thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream, as melodious in mine ears as the prying of a mule—thy step as light as the sylvan-footed zephyr that fanned with the wing of perfume the gable end of the new-born paradise. Thy eyes are brilliant stolen from the scraps—thy lips are vivid as rosebuds, moistened with the dew of affection—thy words are as drops of amber—thy teeth are like snow set in a verberna bed. Oh! sweet spirit of camphor!—double distilled essence of hartshorn! Sour-kroot of my hopes, apple sauce of my thoughts, buttermilk catsup of my fancy, tiger of innocence, butter of perfection, logwood of melody—thou art the gin and sugar of my dreams, the brandy-smash of my waking visions, and the Santa Cruz of my recollections. Thou art as harmless as a leopard, or a greased streak of lightning churned to consistency in the milky whey. Thou art as innocent as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as a lion. Oh! onion of my soul, pickled pumpkins of my affections, preserved crabs of the garden of Smith's Island, where desperate love dwells,—I am yours, &c.

SUDDENLY RICH.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

To become suddenly rich, is generally considered a great blessing—what most enterprising people would crave and slow-moulded ones would not shrink from receiving.
Mr. Athol went to bed a poor man, and awoke the next morning worth some two hundred thousand dollars! Before the accession of wealth, he was a toiling man for a dependent family; yet he always acquired sufficient by his industry, to keep children in good condition, and his wife a light-hearted woman; besides having an agreeable intercourse with neighbors in the same block under similar circumstances. With a free and easy heart, every Saturday night Athol settled with the world and squared all his accounts—so he went to church with the feeling of independence as long as his health should be continued to him. To be sure, riches in the prospective looked inviting to this worthy couple; they used to wish for them to enable them to highly educate their children; to befriend the poor widow in the next block, and to enable them to bestow a pittance upon their aged parents; but they never coveted luxurious fare, showy dress, or a splendid equipage; perhaps, because they were so unattainable they left no room for such wishes.

But we said John Athol awoke one morning and found himself a rich man.—Being descended of English parents, it appeared by an advertisement in the evening paper that the heirs of Peter Athol could learn something greatly to their advantage by calling upon Smith & Co. That intelligence was neither more nor less than that an aged uncle, a rich, miserly man, who had never married; had recently died, and left a will, bequeathing to sundry unknown relatives in America, the heirs of his brother Peter, the whole of his estate, after defraying his funeral expenses, and giving an annuity to his trusty servant, Jude.

The estate could not be exactly appraised—it was thought it could not fall short of as many English pounds as in our currency would amount to two hundred thousand dollars; and John Athol, a laboring man, was the only heir to all this property!
The curious sensations which this event awakened, was worthy of a graphic sketcher. The postman handed honest John the letter just as he awoke at early dawn. His behavior was not unlike the wild excess of joy which a lunatic would manifest on some special breaking out of sunshine in his heart. He read the letter first to his wife her exclamation was characteristic of such a woman:

"Well, John, we shall not be obliged to work any more, and can dress ourselves as we like of the best of 'em."

"Yes," said John; "and we can have a new house, and keep a carriage if we like, and have our servants, and eat of all the luxuries in the market. Turkeys and plum-puddings will make our daily dinners, instead of soup and mutton broth, and cheap vegetables. And besides, we can travel all over the world. How kind it was in Uncle Peter thus to remember us; we must pay our respects to his burial-place, and this, of course, will carry us abroad. But let us wake the children and tell them of our good luck."

Peter, Nancy, Susy and Tommy were all old enough to know what money could do for them, and such a merry household as the news created was never before in John Athol's premises. Every one of them immediately proceeded to tell what they could now purchase, and how happy it would make them.

"Now," said Susy, "we must not associate with the poor people around us; having wealth, gives us a new standing in society, and when we move, we will bestow some little presents upon the poor about us, just to keep them in good favor, and then we will leave them forever."

"That's a lucky thought," replied the mother; "but would it not be best to conceal for the present our great wealth, until we can get some plans matured?"

They all thought so, and agreed to keep the matter close.
There was a heavy rap at the door. A whole company of the neighbors were standing without to welcome and congratulate honest John upon his good fortune. Not a few, however, hinted that "they hoped this sudden rise in the world would not turn their heads," and an old father in the neighborhood suggested "that he was always well to ask the Lord's blessing, that we be not led astray by the snares thus thrown in our way." Honest John thanked him, but we fear forgot to put up the petition.

Our friends will notice that what this worthy couple coveted riches for before they came, had never been mentioned by them since, viz., the education of their children, helping the poor, and giving a lift to the aged parents. Susy, to be sure, had spoken of having a music master, and buying a harp, because pianos were so common; and Peter said he should like to go through college if he could do so and not study. All seemed to have wishes very different from their former ones.—The news ran like telegraphic dispatches, that John Athol was a millionaire; gathering growing a sun in the mouth of each one who heralded it. The Athol family were nearly insane.

Never were people before in such a dilemma! They began to be far more

unhappy than ever before, and when the steamer brought a remittance of several thousands in specie, it was on the whole, the most disquieted day the family had ever known. Stepping out from daily employment and looking upon such a store of uncounted gold, and then feeling such a restless desire to appropriate it in such a manner as to make themselves happy; was anything but agreeable to lookers-on. Singular as it may appear, they began to be selfish in the very beginning; or rather they were so contracted they had no regard to supply anybody's wants but their own, and herein lay the secret of feeling such disquietude. Indeed, so entirely had the family immured themselves in consultations at home, that they were not regretted as they might have been, when they removed from their cheap, small tenement, to the granite house upon the hill. Once, however, fairly settled in great splendor in their new abode, the name of Athol glittering showily upon the door, inquiries were at once commenced among the neighbors as to who occupied the dwelling, and being told how they had suddenly risen from daily labor to be "somebody," the wealthy old aristocrats' children, if not their sires, turned up their noses and laid a veto upon their acquaintance.

The first winter, therefore, was passed in most "glorious ease." John Athol dressed in broadcloth and had nothing to do, and more than all, he had no associates—for his former companions in toil he foolishly supposed would interfere with his dignity, by coming too closely in contact with him; and to most of the old citizens, John had an ungainly appearance which broadcloth could not hide.—His wife too, was never so unhappy before. She kept a great supply of servants and erroneously concluded she could be thus relieved from all labor herself. In a very short time, however, she heard disagreement among the servants, and saw waste and destruction in larder, kitchen and cellar; and sometimes forgetting her wealth, she plunged into domestic matters as formerly, and somehow she confessed she felt much better than with her hands folded in the drawing-rooms.—She supposed it was natural to her to work, but now she hid her labors from observation, lest it should not be creditable to her station.

But the children much more readily fell into the new mode of living. They soon learned what it was to be "fashionable," but it evidently did not agree with their constitutions. They grew puny, wasp-waisted, and dependent. The boys were in a fair way to be ruined? They aped the complete dandy—wore patent leather boots or French calf-skins, carried walking sticks with gold heads, wore broad-brimmed hats and fashionable neck-ties; and more than all, rose late in the morning, because they were out late at nights. Evidently John Athol's family were depreciating, and before long he became aware of the fact, that money, invested in mere luxuries, dwarfed the better part of human nature.

Still there came continual remittances, and Mr. Athol was now forced to consult with a broker as to investing it. He bought stocks in newly formed companies, in the expectancy of doubling his property—but his schemes did not all work as he promised himself; still there was a large margin wherein he could speculate. It looked to John Athol like prairie grass to a northerner, when he has just left a stunted, half crop at home. Yet gradually the money seemed to elude his grasp, and he soon found it was quite as much a task to learn to keep it as to earn it, and far more unsatisfactory. The children grew clamorous—they grew dyspeptic, too, from want of exercise, and they grew impatient and unhappy from want of employment. The girls were in no fair way to keep their present position, for one was flirting with a profligate dandy, and the other was engaged to one who lived on ice creams and drank sarsaparilla bitters, if nothing s stronger—and he had a character corresponding to his diet.

John Athol and his wife began to be alarmed about their children, more than themselves. They therefore concluded to break up the city establishment in the spring, and begin a new life. They concluded upon a trip across the water, and all the family embarked for Europe. On the passage there was a clergyman with whom they formed a decided intimacy.—John told him all his former history.—They had serious conversations by moonlight upon the deck of the vessel, and the rich man seemed troubled in mind.—Sometimes he seemed to be impressed that he was not making a right use of his property, and he began to be afraid to give an account of his stewardship. No ear could rise up and plead for him; no eye could say they had been blessed by him, no widow's heart ever sang for joy because he remembered her "low estate." He told his wife of his wretched misgivings. She tried to comfort him, yet herself felt condemned. The children only laughed at their superstitious fears.

There came a heavy storm upon them during their passage. The Captain looked out fearfully, and the pilot felt dismayed—the passengers were terrorstricken, and John Athol quivered like an aspen leaf and begged the clergyman to pray for him. Money at this time seemed of little consequence; all they coveted, was the enduring riches of an inheritance above.

John made most solemn promises if

his life should be spared; indeed, all his family seemed impressed while the danger impended; but when the storm ceased, the children forgot their resolutions and frolicked as before; not so did their parents.

They were at length safely landed in England, and there John Athol engaged in a lucrative business, and again commenced an industrious career, taking his two boys under his immediate supervision, and allowing them only what was necessary for a respectable appearance, and obliging them to work for that. At first, they reluctantly acceded, but finding little enjoyment in complete idleness, they soon were happy in their new occupations.

Mrs. Athol attempted an amendment in the young ladies, and so far succeeded as to make them cheerfully surrender their foolish engagements; and, as in England, air and exercise are deemed so essential to strength of body and mind, they all fell into such "fashionable" and healthful habits, and by slow degrees, they all learned the luxury of doing good with their abundance; and the delightful letters just received in America, represent them in the most vigorous exercise of their powers, fully convinced that to "become rich" without a ballast of character proportionate to their weight, is always more likely to prove a snare, than a blessing.

Port Wine.

The commerce of Oporto is the subject of an article in Hunt's Merchants Magazine for September, in which some interesting items of information are given respecting the manufacture and exportation of Port wine. We are told that—

"The yearly exportations to the different ports of Europe, Brazil, and North America average 33,000 pipes, at least 25,000 of which are shipped to England."

With the United States they exchange their wines (the average is 3,000 pipes a year, mostly of the second quality) for slaves, masts, rice, whale-bone, cotton, and naval stores; but the transactions between the two countries are almost insignificant. * * * The wine, which is the principal resource of Oporto and the surrounding districts, is made in a certain part of the country, placed on the right bank of the Douro, from between ten to twenty leagues distant from the city. The principal export is a small town called A Regoa, from which all the wines are sent in small flat-boats down to Oporto and Villanova.—The Douro wine in its primitive state is not fit for shipment. In the wine lodges of Villanova it always undergoes a process of purification with the white of eggs, and of strengthening, through the addition of strong white brandy and of some old wine. By the repeated turning, shaking and mixing of the liquid, the wine is brought to that perfection which makes the port wine so acceptable and celebrated in all foreign countries. What is known in America as *pure juice*, is called in Portugal *grapeira*, and it is generally used to give strength and an agreeable flavor to wines, either naturally too pure, or having lost by age part of their power. It is the first juice of the grape put to boil until it is reduced to two-thirds of its volume, when one third of first-rate brandy is added to it, which gives to the stuff a high grade. In many instances sugar also is added, and the juice of the elder berry, which, by its deep color, gives the stuff an appearance of a strong-bodied wine."

Four Good Habits.

There were four good habits a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his own example and which he considered essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; these are Punctuality, Accuracy, Steadiness and Dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted without the second, mistakes the most harmful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantages are lost which it is impossible to recall.

A Remarkable Water Printer.

The Boston Medical Journal has an account of a man who is supposed to be the greatest drinker among men in America, if not in the world. He is living in excellent health, at the age of 58 years, and is in a state of perpetual thirst. The individual alluded to is Mr. Jas. Webb, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts. Under every aspect in which the case may be examined it is remarkable, and perhaps unparalleled in the annals of physiology. In early infancy the quantity of water he consumed was so large as to astonish those who witnessed it. A development in size and weight of the body required a corresponding increase in the quantity of his aquatic potations. Under ordinary circumstances three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible, it seems, for him to live through the night with less than a pail full. With this immense amount of water daily poured into the stomach, he has been in good health.

Dr. Pæz, of Wiesbaden, confirms the statement made by several German practitioners, of the rapid curative agency which attends the internal use of carbonate of magnesia in cases of warts.

Common Schools and School Examiners.

THAT there ought to be some improvement made upon our present system of Common Schools, as it exists in the country generally, there can be no doubt.—Many of them are in lamentable circumstances, on account of the qualifications of their teachers and the stipendness of their directors. We are also warranted in the belief, that if our teachers were better qualified than they generally are, and more liberally remunerated, they would become more elevated in public opinion; and that the profession, instead of being rather disreputable, would be looked upon as one of the most honorable callings of our day. We are aware that prejudices have existed, and still do exist against the teachers of Common Schools; but have not these prejudices chiefly arisen from the dependent state of the teacher, his humble origin, his want of capacity, or his deficiency of acquirements?

This system of education, on which the moral and intellectual soundness of the country so essentially depends, is in a deplorable condition. Except in some of the towns and a few country places, teachers of Common Schools are as unfit for their vocation as a Hottentot is to teach Theology. Their want of knowledge, of self-respect, and manners, can hardly be surpassed. A great number of them, on account of their incapacity, are unequalled alike to govern and instruct, to set example and command respect. In truth, they are disqualified for everything connected with education, because they are almost wholly uneducated themselves. They are generally too ignorant or feeble-minded to be engaged in business in which intellect and knowledge are requisite, therefore they become schoolmasters, and teach their scholars bad English, bad manners, and too often bad morals. We do not aver this to be the case with all, but it is true of a great number of those with whom we are acquainted. We know teachers who can not teach the five fundamental rules in Arithmetic without a key. There are hundreds who have not the least idea of the number of elementary sounds in the English language, and it is doubtful if they all know the number of graphic characters of which its alphabet is composed, unless they have a book to count them from.

The only remedy that we, at this time, propose for the above evils, is, that the board of school examiners, in order to prevent the public from being so grossly imposed upon, adopt a more thorough course of investigation into the qualifications of those who present themselves for examination. The examinations under the old law were in many cases entirely useless, and nearly rendered the law—which was intended to protect the people from imposition—a perfect farce. The law requires that the teacher shall be qualified to instruct his pupils in certain branches, and when the Legislature made use of the word qualified, they intended that it should mean, fitted by attainments or endowments. The attainments of some of our teachers are wonderful indeed! The examiners certify that they have diligently examined the candidate, and find him qualified to teach, etc. Now, with such a certificate as this from the examiners, teachers are prepared to practice any amount of fraud upon an unsuspecting people, who should be warranted in presuming that the individual presenting such certificate is competent to teach.

The public are beginning to wake up on these matters. Many of our new examiners are making thorough work of it. Their examinations are critical and severe; none get certificates as a personal favor; and if they continue to pursue the same independent course, our Common Schools will be renovated, and impostors banished from our school houses.

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Stroudsburg, April 13, 1853.—ly